

THE IRISH NEWS—will be published on SATURDAY morning, at 540 Clay street, 125 cents per week, payable to the carrier. One year, \$15 00. Six months, \$8 00. Three months, \$4 50. Invariably in advance. JEFFREY NUNAN, Editor. Subscribers cannot have their papers discontinued until they pay up in full for them. Taking the paper out of the postoffice makes the party liable, although he did not subscribe for it.

NEWS FROM IRELAND.

Dublin.

The Weekly Freeman of the 2d inst., says:—A most daring attempt at assassination of two members of the Metropolitan Police was made at a late hour on Wednesday night, at Eustace street, under the following circumstances:—Between 12 and 1 o'clock Constable Kenna, 167 A, was on duty at the corner of Wellington-quay and Eustace.

A man came up to him carrying a bundle under his arm. As he was passing the constable stopped him, and was interrogating him respecting the bundle, when the man suddenly produced a revolver pistol and fired at the constable's breast, lodging the contents of the barrel in his chest. The constable fell to the ground. His murderer assaulted proceeded up Eustace st., towards Dame st., but before he had proceeded far he was encountered by Sergeant Kelly, 19 B, who having heard the shot, was hastening in the direction where it was fired. The sergeant challenged the man, who immediately presented and fired his revolver, and shot the sergeant in the breast. Sergeant Kelly fell, and the perpetrator of this double attempt at assassination made his escape. The policemen were promptly taken to Mercer's hospital, and the attendant surgeons reported their wounds as probably fatal, their depositions were at once taken. Kelly described his assailant as a man about 5 feet 6 inches high wearing a cap, short dark coat and light trousers. Rev. Mr. Croft, of the Carmelite Order, immediately upon receiving the call of the wounded men for spiritual assistance, and up to latest advices continued with them.

Parties have been arrested and summarily flung into prison "on suspicion," their names being Patrick O'Brien, of Jervis street, an athletic young man, wearing a gray frock coat, and having a six-barreled revolver in his belt; and Patrick J. Hay, rue, the barber, who at the first Fenian Commission, was sentenced to years imprisonment, and whose period of incarceration expired three weeks ago. The police recently searching Hayburne's bedroom, found concealed in a press, a number of treasonable documents showing that he had renewed his connection with the conspiracy.

A young man named James Byrne, an engineer, who had been in India for some years, was recently brought up at the Head Police for remounting to Richmond Lunatic Asylum, from which he escaped while under confinement. He had gone to his father's house and clandestinely armed himself with a pair of pistols, with which he endeavored to shoot the attendant of the Asylum, Denis Beahan. He was ordered to confinement as a dangerous inmate.

Wicklow.

A man named Connolly was recently committed to Wicklow jail for one month for deserting his wife, whereby she became chargeable on the rates of the parish.

Wexford.

An action is being brought in the Dublin courts by Mr. J. O'Connor against the Right Rev. Dr. Furlong, Bishop of Wexford, Rev. J. Roche, P. P., and Richard Devereux, as trustees of St. Peter's College, Wexford, for damages sustained by loss of plaintiff's cattle, which took ill and died from having drunk of water into which poisonous matter from certain cess-pools on defendants' premises, and under their control, had flowed. Damages are laid at £400, but defendants deny all responsibility in the matter.

Kilkenny.

On Sunday, Oct. 27, St. John's Church, Kilkenny, was solemnly dedicated. The sermon was preached by the Very Rev. Dr. O'Hanlon, Perfect of the Dunboyne Establishment, Maynooth, and admitted one of the most distinguished members of the Irish priesthood. The church, which has recently undergone considerable improvements, and been very appropriately decorated by Mr. John Campion, of Patrick street, looked to great advantage, the three splendid marble altars being fully displayed by the newly-erected recesses. A special place was reserved for Mr. John Buggy, Mayor of the town, who attended in his official robes, and who most generously presented one of the altars, at a cost of £100; also for the High Sheriff, D. Cullen, Esq., J. P., and the members of the Corporation. The ceremony throughout was conducted in the most impressive manner.

Morgan Walter John Butler Kavanagh, Esq., only son of the late Morgan William Kavanagh, Esq., of the late Kavanagh, Esq., of Redacres, county Kilkenny, will be called to the Irish bar at the next Term.

Queen's County.

Maurice Dunne, the engine driver in the employment of the Waterford and Kilkenny Junction Railway Company, was tried at the recent Quarter Sessions for the Maryborough District, before the Chairman, Mr. J. Clarke, Q. C., under an indictment, charging him with having, on the 30th Sept. last, illegally,

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willfully, and negligently started his engine from the Maryborough station previous to the time for his doing so, and without authority from any official, whereby he obstructed the line and endangered the lives of passengers. He was convicted, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment with hard labor.

King's County.

The Earl Rosse recently died at Monkstown, in the 68th year of his age. He was Chancellor of the University of Dublin, a member of the Queen's University, and a Visitor of Maynooth College. He is succeeded in his title and estates by his son, Lord Osmantown.

Westmeath.

A correspondent, writing from Moate, says:—The number of black potatoes in the arable land is far in excess of former years in this locality. Nearly two thirds can be reckoned as unfit for domestic use, there being a vast redundancy of small ones, commonly designated poreens, on each stalk, whose only possible service to farmers will be to store up seed for the ensuing spring. An early digging in would, in a great measure, avert the spreading of the infection.

Louth.

Rev. Patrick O. S. A. died suddenly at his residence in Drogheda on the 26th ult. He has left a monument behind him the Augustinian Chapel an ornament to the town, and an evidence of what can be effected by patient, quiet, steady, directed to a deserving object. He will be long regretted by those who knew him, but especially by those who enjoyed his ministry.

The extensive concerns known as the Castle Mills, situated about one mile from Dundalk, were recently totally destroyed by fire. The buildings were insured for £800 and the stock for £200 in the Royal Insurance Office, but the quantity of corn and meal destroyed will not be nearly covered by amount of insurance. J. Murphy, Esq., J. P., and R. O. Black, Esq., agent for the Royal, were promptly at the scene of the fire.

Longford.

The Board of Superintendence of the Longford jail recently assembled to elect a governor in place of Arthur Rawlin, Esq., who resigned on promotion. There were present six or seven candidates. After a poll had been taken Mr. Murphy, who is an inspector on the Midland Great Western Railway, North-wall, over the traffic department, was duly elected.

Cork.

The Dublin Irishman says:—Information is wanted of William Welsh, who left Cloyne, county Cork, twenty years ago, for America. When last heard of, was in Boston. Any information respecting him will be thankfully received by his brother-in-law, Richard Francis, No. 19 Bowden-lane, Sheffield, England.

A correspondent of the Cork Examiner writes that a case of Irish cholera occurred in Mitchelstown. A man named slattery, while removing the grate of a sewer, suddenly complained of being ill, went home, and died two days after.

Henry O'Hea, Esq., A.B., T. C. D., second surviving son of John O'Hea, late of Clonkilly, and Francis Carleton Reeves, Esq., A. B., T. C. D., third son of the late Edward O'Hea, of Clonkilly, in the county of Cork, Dsq., will be called to the Irish bar at the next law term. Mrs. O'Brien, a married woman, respectfully connected, was found drowned in the Suir on Monday morning, near Kilsheelan. A letter was found in her pocket, dated Queenstown, from her husband, who has recently left that county for America.

Limerick.

The Tipperary Advocate of the 26th ult. says:—The resolutions of the Irish bishops are not to remain a dead letter. On Sunday last a pastoral was read from the Bishop of Limerick, ordering all children to be removed from the model schools, on pain of deprivation of the rites of the church. At present there are not many Catholic children in the diocese attending those schools; for according to the last reports of the Commissioners, out of 666 pupils only 134 were Catholics, and those, we trust, will now be withdrawn. The bishops are determined to show the English government that they are in earnest; and, doubtless, when these model schools are emptied, and the Queen's Colleges are deserted, England will learn that there is a power in Ireland which they cannot defy, and with which it is dangerous to trifle.

Clare.

The Lord Chancellor has appointed Robert Barnewall Walton, Esq., Ballysheen House, Sixeme-bridge, to the Commission of the Peace for the county of Clare.

A Kilrush correspondent reports as follows a case just tried at the local quarter sessions:—A gentleman named Langford hired a car in June last, from Mr. O'Dwyer, and in paying his fare, 1s., he states that he gave a £5 note; O'Dwyer on the other hand contends that it was a £1 note, and gave Mr. Langford the change accordingly. The latter then charged O'Dwyer and had him arrested. The jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff £50 damages and costs.

On the 1st instant, in Thurles, a man, who gave his name as Michael Jordan, and said to be a native of Carrigrohilly, was arrested on suspicion of being the person who shot the policeman in Dublin on the Thursday night previous.

William Fitzpatrick Cullinan, Esq., A. B., T. C. D., second son of Patrick Maxwell Cullinan, of Ennis, in the county of Clare, Esq., will be called to the Irish bar at the next law term.

Kerry.

A correspondent of the Dublin Freeman says:—A gentleman told me on Saturday (October 26), that there is a man named Thos. Kissane residing in his neighborhood (Ballyconery, near Ballyvaughan), who has attained his one hundred and eighth year. The old man, as late as April last, in a most creditable and expeditious manner, thatched a farmhouse in his vicinity for himself.

Tipperary.

In a letter to Land and Water, Mr. Thomas Fennell, of Cahin, treasurer to the Suir Preservation Society writes:—On the 10th of October, we had slight increase of that set fish in motion for the spawning ground. Within view of the bridge of Cahin is a low mill-river without ladder or Queen's gap for four days (Oct. 10, 11, 12 and 13). crowds of people witnessed the interesting attempts and successful exertions of the salmon and peal to overcome this impediment in order to gratify the beautiful instinct of nature, which causes the salmon to try and surmount all obstacles.

In Clonmel, on the 28th ult., an inquest was held on the body of a man named Looly, servant to Mr. Walsh of Ballymacadam, near cloogheen. Deceased had taken too much drink, and fell off his cart in the Irish town, was trodden on by his horse. He was subsequently arrested by the constabulary for drunkenness, and sent to jail, where he died.

Waterford.

The Catholics of Waterford recently held a meeting to solicit sympathy with the Pope. Bishop Walsh presided, and in a very short space of time £150 were subscribed as the initiation of a sum to be presented to the Pope for the alleviation of the miseries caused by the Garibaldian invasion.

A young man named Daniel Dargan, a native of Clonkilly, Tipperary, recently met his death by accidentally falling off a ladder when lighting a lamp on one of the hulks at Newarth, belonging to the Waterford and Limerick Railway company, in whose employment he was. He fell into the river Suir, his head striking the hulk, which, doubtless, stupefied him.

Mayo.

The Tyravley Herald announces the appointment, as Ballina postmaster, of Mr. David Baird. The Herald also says:—William Gardiner, Esq., brought into town last week some strawberries, large and matured, which were the second crop of this year.

Armagh.

The following from a Portadown correspondent of the Dublin Freeman tells of more Orange outrages:—Last evening (25 ult.), a body of Orange ruffians of from three to five hundred strong, marched into the town from the adjoining parish of Leago, accompanied by fife and drums, and proceeded straight to the street in which the Catholic Church is situated, and where the people were at the time at their devotions attending a mission which was being held for some days in the church. The Orangemen stopped opposite the church and drummed and fied with all their might, shouting and making the most unceremoniously discordant noises for the purpose of interruption, and one ruffian named Joseph Hamill, more audacious than the rest, ran at one of the Catholic clergymen of the parish, who was standing inside the church gate, and without the slightest provocation of any description struck the reverend gentleman a blow on the face which injured him severely, and then in drision ran away with his hat. The police, headed by Mr. Miller, R. M., were soon on the spot and arrested the scoundrel, and I believe many of the others have been identified and will be summoned to the next petty sessions.

Cavan.

The names of Terence Lynch, late of Ballyjamesduff, dealer in cattle and butcher; and James Knox, late of Virginia, both in the county of Cavan, dealer in articles of clothing and jewellery, recently appeared in the insolvency list.

A man named John Clarke died very suddenly at Blackrock on the 25th ult., from the bursting of a blood-vessel. He was a native of Nappa, county Cavan, aged about twenty-five years and unmarried.

Tyrone.

The name of James White, of Grange, county Tyrone, laborer or farmer, has appeared in the insolvency list.

Rev. Mathew Reynolds, C. C., Newtownforbes, died on the 18th ult. For nearly forty years he discharged the laborious duties of an Irish missionary priest, and through a long life won for himself the love and respect of all with whom he had to labor.

Under the head of "A French Murder" the ALTA lately published an account of a mysterious murder in the forest of Fontainebleau. The murderer made a confession, which is thus alluded to in the Paris correspondence of the New York Herald:

The sensation of the week has been Mme. Frigard's trial. Let no one deem to find the account of a trial in a fashion letter. A Court where the worst cases are judged is the most fashionable place in the world; ladies love to look at a notoriously bad murderer. The Pretet's wife, at Melun, and all the crime of the country, went to look at Mme. Frigard, the day she denied having killed Mme. de Mertens, and the nicest possible toilets sat for trial, too, on the same occasion. Black satin under black silk looped overskirts was the thing. Madame Frigard and her friend Madame de Mertens were very different women altogether. The latter was an empress of the demi-monde, a lovely, fair, luxuriant beauty externally. She was of good family, though she left the paths of duty early, made a small fortune, and placed her ill-acquired money in the funds. Madame Frigard is the daughter of a physician and mother of a small family. As she rose at the close of the sitting to leave the dock, irony and bitter sarcasm were depicted in the defiant scorn she darted at the crowd of females whose eyes were bent on her as if to study her features. Yesterday, when all was over, she sent for the Chief Justice, and his surprise can be pictured when, without preparation, she made the following disclosure: "I did kill Madame de Mertens, but all your scientific physicians have incurred public shame. I did not stifle my victim: I poisoned her when she was asleep on the grass with prussic acid. A drop on her nostrils sufficed; she inhaled it and died. I will only add that a handful of long grass was fowled clench in the victim's arms, and her friend Madame de Mertens came to the spot. She must have caught it in the agony of her last sleep. The fearful avowal of Madame Frigard is the topic of discourse in all circles. Society, in at last breaking up, has thus a terrible drama to discuss by the seaside.

MY EFFORTS IN MATCH-MAKING.

I had silently watched my aunt for an hour—my aunt Katharine, who sat silently by the window with her sewing. Through the light meshes of the lace curtains the bright sunshine came in and fell upon her dark dress and smooth hair, and pretty work, while the fresh breeze floating in through the open window, blew into bloom a carnation pink upon her cheeks. And sitting there in the breeze and sunshine, I saw that my aunt Katharine was very handsome. At first I thought it very strange that I had never noticed that fact before; but it was not strange, for children think nothing about their parents' or guardians' looks, except that they be pleasant or unpleasant, and I was little more than a child. Ever since I could remember, aunt Katharine, with her dark dress, smooth hair, and gentle ways, had taken care of me; and when I grew into a tall girl of 15, old enough to go to kissing parties and have young beaux, she watched over me still. She was my mother, my companion, my friend I never realized my orphanage or want of other kin, but had been the same careless, light-hearted, merry girl since I could remember, that I was on the June morning that I watched her at work in the sunlight. She looked up at last.

"Addie, isn't it most school-time?" she said.

"Yes, auntie, I am!" going in a minute; but first tell me—

"What child?"

"Why you never were married?" "Because I never liked any one well enough to marry him. Now go and get ready for school."

She smiled as she spoke, and after a glance at her face I smiled, too, and ran off up stairs to get my bonnet and satchel. Coming down stairs again, I put my head in at the sitting-room door.

"Aunt Katharine?"

"If you found anybody whom you liked well enough, wouldn't you marry him?"

"I don't know—I suppose so. Why, what in the world has got into your head, Addie?"

I laughed, slammed the door, and bounded through the hall into the road. Half-way to the school-house I met my teacher, Charles Devereux.

"Good morning, Miss Addie. Recitations all ready?"

"Yes, sir," I answered and he passed on ahead. I sauntered on slowly, thinking of my aunt Katharine. I thought it would be a nice time for her to be married. The next thought was, who should he marry?

There were only half a dozen unmarried middle-aged men in the village. Aunt Katharine was twenty-seven, and of course she wouldn't marry a very young man. I rapidly enumerated the half-dozen eligible ones and their suitability for my plan. Lawyer Hyde, 30, rich, aristocratic and stinky. Mr. Leighton, 35, handsome, good, well off, but a widower; and I've heard Aunt Katharine say she did not like widows. Mr. Pierson, 28, handsome, wealthy, but too fast; she would not like him. Dr. Jarvis, 36, small, crabbed, miserable and unbearable generally. Mr. Howe, too homely to be thought of; and Captain Haynes, with his yellow, bushy whiskers, and \$9,000 worth of mortgaged property, which he is always talking about, worse yet. Rather a sorry array.

Just then the school-bell rung, and I went in to my books, and Charles Devereux—aged 28, handsome, intelligent, well-educated and unmarried. The class in intellectual philosophy was called first, and though I had carefully committed my lesson to memory the evening before, my late thoughts had quite driven all remembrance of it from my head, and my recitation was imperfect. Mr. Devereux looked surprised at me, but said nothing. In French grammar my performance was still worse.

"Miss Addie," said Mr. Devereux, as I passed by him on my way to my seat, "do you have any trouble with those French verbs in learning your lesson?"

"Yes, sir, a little," I replied.

"You want a little reviewing, I think. If I have time, I will call in at your house this evening, and help you a little while you are studying."

Mr. Devereux knew that I always studied in the evening, and several times called in and spent an hour in assisting me with particularly difficult tasks designed for next day's recitation. So I was not surprised to hear him make this offer, though a little ashamed of cause of it, as my failure had resulted from my wilful inattention and carelessness. I thanked him however, with a flushed face, and went to my seat. But it was not entirely shame that flushed my face.

As I expected, Mr. Devereux came in the evening to explain my French lesson. But he did not find me alone. Aunt Catherine sat by the table sewing, and looked even handsomer in the morning. Mr. heart gave a flutter of impatient expectation every time Mr. Devereux looked at her, and after the lessons were through I did my best to make her talk to please him. My aunt always talked well, but she quite excelled herself conversation that night. I saw that Mr. Devereux was interested, and I was delighted with the success of my secret plan.

In the course of the evening, John Aubrey, my lover, came in. Of course I claimed John as my lover, for though he was a nice young man of 27, and I a mere child of a girl, hardly 16, he had beamed me to parties and concerts all one winter and told me a half dozen times that he was the sweetest, loveliest, prettiest girl in all Hartford. So that when John came in, I went and sat down by his side in a cosy corner, and left Aunt Katharine to entertain Mr. Devereux—a plan which I thought at first seemed to suit all round.

But after a little while I saw John casting uneasy glances toward the place where Mr. Devereux, looking superbly handsome, sat, talking to my aunt.

"You needn't be jealous of him, John," I said, "he's only my teacher."

John started and leaned back in his seat without saying a word. Neither of the gentlemen stayed very late, John going away directly after Mr. Devereux and I went to my room elated with my prosperity, or rather the prosperity of my plans.

I did not need assistance in my studies before Mr. Devereux came again, and after a short time it came to be a regular thing for him to spend an evening once or twice a week with us. With us, I say, because I could see that, though he admired my aunt Katharine very much, he had too good taste to monopolize her company entirely, to the exclusion of mine. I enjoyed these evenings very much. It seemed to me that Mr. Devereux grew remarkably agreeable very fast. Sometimes John would come in, but John had grown strange and moody of late. I thought it was because Mr. Devereux was so much at our house, and endeavored to please him by extra attention when he did spend an evening with us, but it didn't seem to be of much use. I resented his silence and inattention to me one night, and after that he didn't come near us for nearly a month. But we seemed to get along just as well without him—at least I did, though Aunt Katharine asked several times about the cause of his absence.

"He is sulky, I suppose. Don't fret about me, Aunt Katharine; it don't trouble me at all," I said.

A few evenings after, John made his appearance and entered the parlor where Mr. Devereux and I sat playing chess, while my aunt was writing a letter at a side table. I thought it would be rather awkward for him at first, but he came forward easily, and after speaking to Mr. Devereux and myself, crossed the room and seated himself by my aunt. Pleased with this arrangement, I devoted myself to my game, and did not look around for some half-hour afterward, when my attention was attracted by the sound of John Aubrey's voice, which though low, was remarkably earnest and emphatic. I turned my head and gazed in wonder. My aunt's cheeks were flushed crimson, and John's face, as seen by me for an instant, was pale and agitated. I turned to Mr. Devereux in astonishment, but he only smiled slightly, made a move, and then waited for me to do the same. But I could not play from excitement caused by the scene I had observed a moment before, and lost the game through inattention.

"Shall we play again?" said Mr. Devereux.

I shook my head, and he replaced the pieces in a box, and then took up a book. The next moment John arose, and my aunt went with him to the door. She did not come back for some time and when she did Mr. Devereux was preparing to go. He looked up quietly at her entrance, and then asked her laughingly, if it was amicably settled, and if he might congratulate her? She blushed, but said, "Yes, at some other times, and bade him good night. I had stood by in round-eyed wonder and bewilderment.

When the door closed on him my aunt looked steadily at me a moment, then laughed, and finally burst into hysterics tears. I was frightened. She put her arm about me.

"Addie, are you sure you didn't like John?" she asked.

"I believe I did a little last winter, but I don't at all now."

"Are you sure?"

"Quite sure," I replied; "he is so sullen."

"Wait! do you know who you are talking to?"

"What do you mean, Aunt Katharine?"

"I am John Aubrey's betrothed wife, Addie!" she laughed and then cried again.

I stood mutely staring at her. At last I found words to say:

"Why, Aunt Katharine, I thought it was I whom John was in love with!"

She shook her head.

"And I thought Mr. Devereux was in love with you?"

"You must ask him about that?" she said, smiling through her tears. And I did ask him the next evening while we stood by an open window, and my aunt Katharine sat by John Aubrey in the cosy corner where I used to sit with him.

"Is it possible that you haven't been courting Aunt Katharine all this time, Mr. Devereux?" I said.

How he laughed!

"Is it possible that you don't know that I have been courting you all this time?"

"Mr. Devereux!" I exclaimed.

But he wasn't jesting—and neither was I when I promised a year later to "Love, honor and obey him" through life.

John Aubrey and my aunt Katharine were married at the same time, which my aunt declared was a great saving of trouble and wedding cake.

WEDDING OUT WEST.

They have some affecting weddings out in the flat country, beyond the trees.

Take Indian weddings for instance.

Or Dutch.

However, to facts: In the semi-rural districts of Winona, on the Minnesota side of the Mississippi river, lives, among several people, a jolly good fellow of a justice of the peace, whose ideas of matters are much like the waters of a deep river. Once started it is hard to turn them. On a fair day last week, after the 10 by 12 law dispensary had been swept, after chairs had been set in a row against the side of the office, and sundry whipped quids of tobacco and mutilated cigar stumps had been kicked under the stove, there was a wooden step on the stairs and a vigorous rap at the door.

"Come in," said the justice, as he settled into a legal look so befitting a man of law.

A handsome, black-eyed, Spanish-looking woman entered. It was a clear case of a senorita of the New Mexican brand. She had on a short woolen dress—wooden-soled shoes—sporting red cheeks, black hair, and eyes that snapped like the lock of a shotgun. In a Spanish accent, and in the worst possible English, said: "You make justicia aqui? You law man?"

"Yes, madam: be seated."

"Want paper. Want paper to take man!"

Just then a stout French half-breed entered the room. He was unable to speak half a dozen words, and looked either scared or bashful. The judge saw at once that there was some marriage to come off, and said to the woman, who stood with compressed lips watching the Justice and the door—

"Want paper to take this man?"

"I want paper. Me teach him. (Nice woman, thought the justice.) He no good man, me take him so quick as can."

"All right, my covies: fix you in the jerk of a lamb's tail," said the justice, as he turned to the man and said, "You know this woman; can you take her?"

The man shook his head and uttered unintelligible words.

"Ah! I see. Can't talk English. Well, never mind."

He ran into the street, invited a few friends up stairs, and on returning with them, said to the woman: "You want to take this man for better or for worse?"

"Yes, me want to take him; me pay!"

"All right!"

Then turning to the man, who stood trembling: "You take this woman for better or for worse, and promise to keep her," &c., &c.

"Umph!" and several nods of the head.

"Then in the name of the law, and by virtue of the authority in me vested, I pronounce you man and wife." And he stepped forward before the woman could say a word and kissed her red lips.

"Slap" came her hand in his face and she clutched his hair. The new husband jumped in to take the woman away, and to protect her, as the man supposed, when in self-preservation the justice gave him a rap on the nose. The woman pitched into the new husband, who in turn pitched into her, and for about five minutes there was a general bustling and display of legs garters and things decidedly astonishing.

At last the parties were separated, when the man and woman took another turn at each other, the blood and hair flying in all directions. Down came the stove, over went the table, clatter went the chairs, and into the street like mad went the justice, with a black eye and the bosom of his shirt looking like a warrant deed covered with red seals!

A crowd rushed up stairs and found the man and woman lying on the floor, hugging each other like young bruisers, their arms and legs, mixed up worse than tomato-veins, the woman on top, and pomping her newly-made husband with a hearty will.

The newly-married couple were separated, when through the aid of two interpreters it was discovered that the night before the parties occupying adjoining shanties in the lower part of the town had come to blows. Each party had hastened to the justice's office in the morning for a warrant for the other, with the result as stated above.

The last news from there was that the parties had gone in search of another justice to unmarry them, while the genial cause of their terrible squabble was "setting up the boys," and bathing his bungled eye in camphor and whiskey. For an actual fact, it is the richest with-in our knowledge. Ex.

The Dublin Nation, of the 28th ult., has the following:—Information is wanted of Thomas Fahy and Anne Fahy, brother and sister, who left Gurtymadden, near Loughrea, county Galway, Ireland, about eighteen years ago, and emigrated to America. When last heard of, in September, 1823, they were residing at Louisville, State of Kentucky.

Any information respecting them will be most thankfully received by their nephew, care of Mr. M. Walsh, Loughrea, county Galway, Ireland.

Good Paper.—The Stockton Gazette is a remarkably well conducted and very interesting paper.

